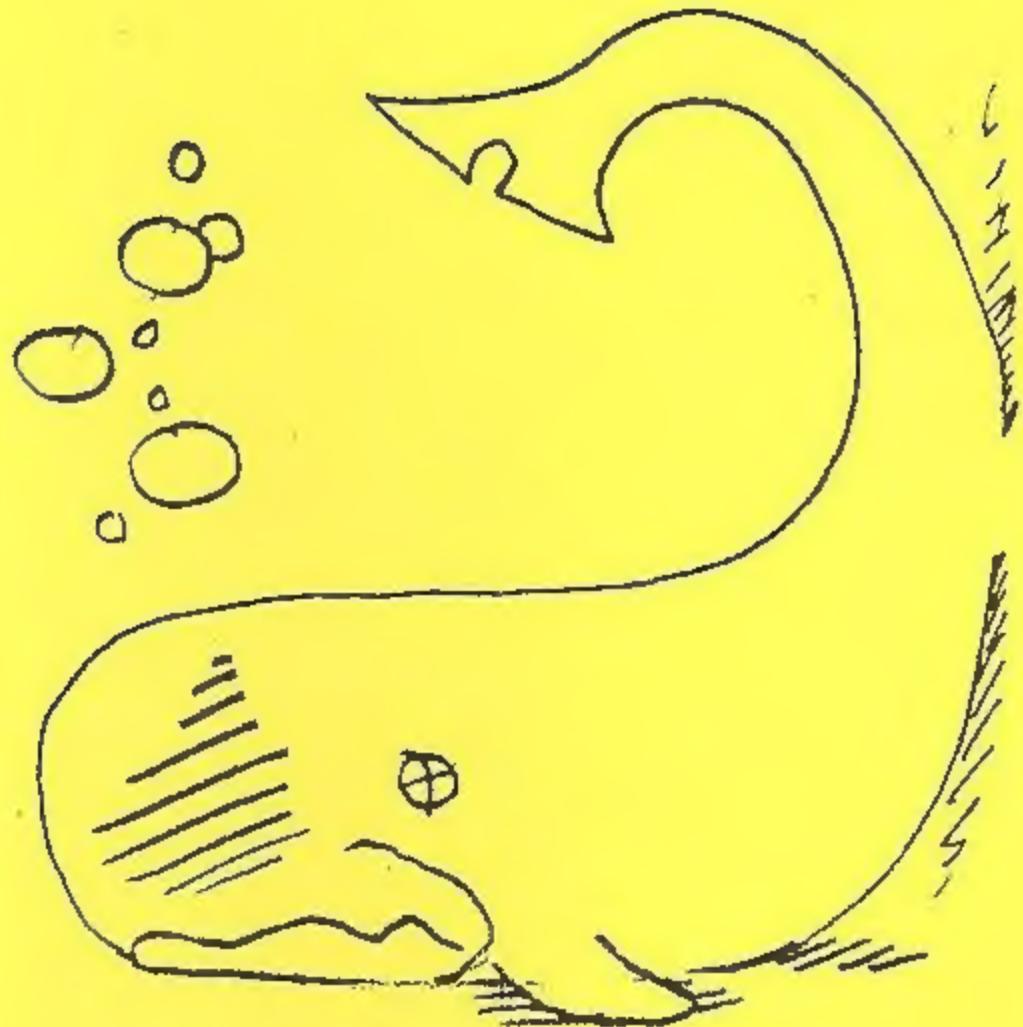


Ambergris



He was big, he was drunk, and he was taking up the whole corner of the tavern. "Yes, I drink like a fish," he slurred, "and you would too if your name was 'Spermy the Whale.'"





He kept whining and complaining about how life had been so unfair ... whalers, pollution, the difficulty in finding a decent men's wear shop ... then he got kind of quiet and started to turn green. All the regulars looked at each other with tired resignation and started moving to the other side of the room.

It started as a deep rumbling, then it built up and spewed out in an enormous pile of foul, vile, putrid, grey sludge probably weighing half a ton. Intermixed in the repulsive glob were many squid beaks.





Then a strange little guy burst into the room,
chipper as can be. He was singing:

“Ambergris is whale puke,
The fact its disgusting I won’t rebuke.
It comes in many shapes and sizes,
And is used in perfume when it oxidizes.
Don’t look shocked and don’t look pensive,
This stuff is considered rare and expensive.
He tosses his cookies all over the place,
And your girlfriend sprays this goop on her face.
By the pound or by the ton,
Ambergris is so much fun.”

And while the little guy was cheerily
scooping up the mess, the whale slowly
looked up and mumbled, "I hate it when
that happens."



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